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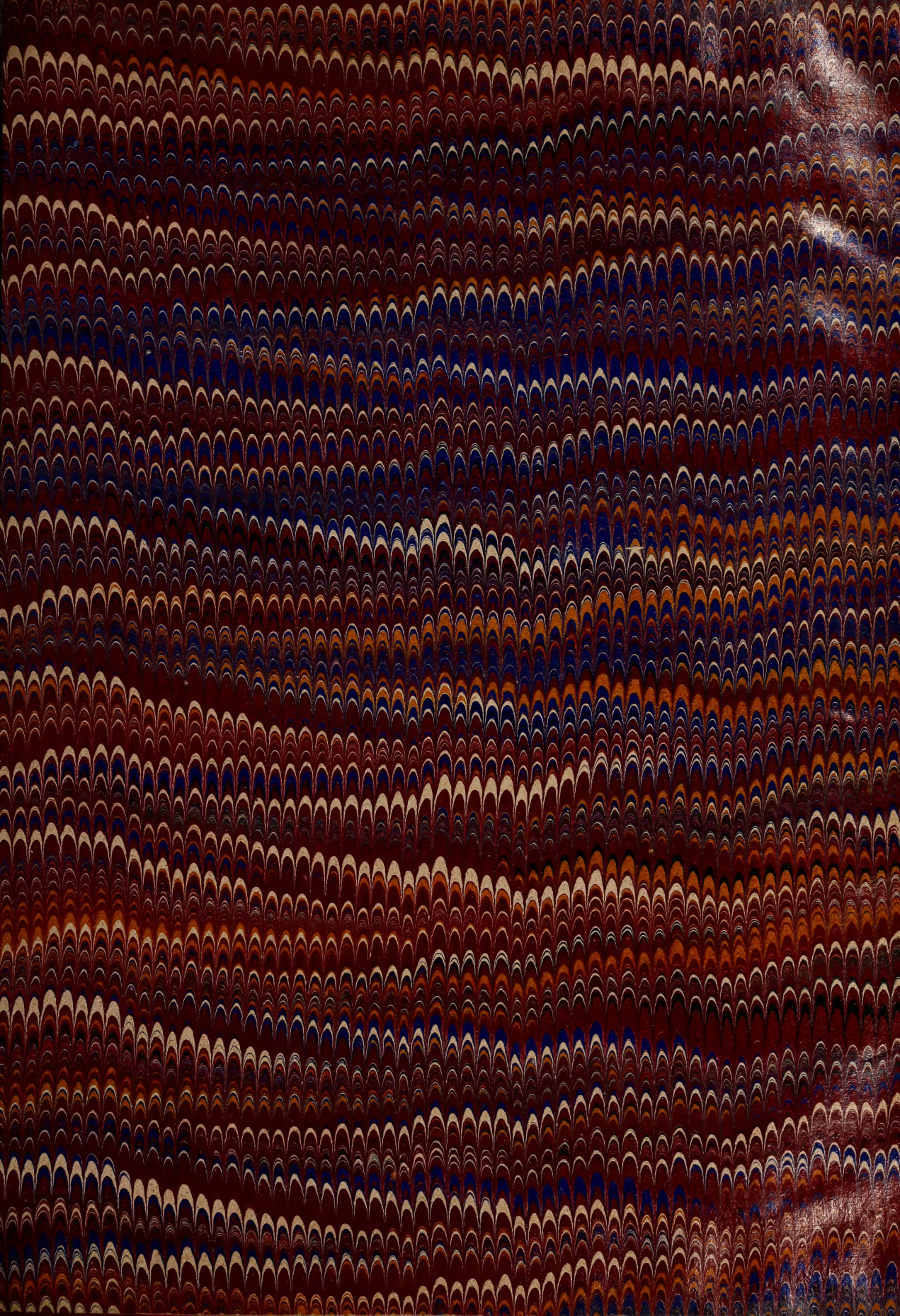


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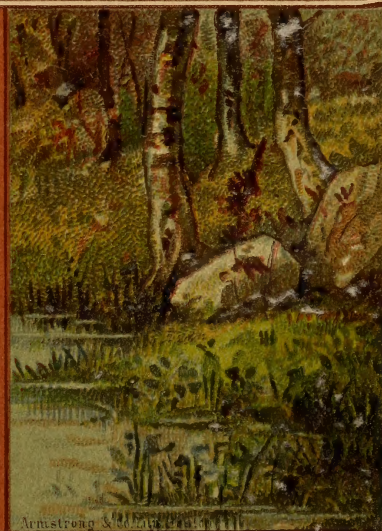


THE FRINGED GENTIAN.



WILLIAM
CULLEN
BRYANT.

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Armstrong & Co. Boston



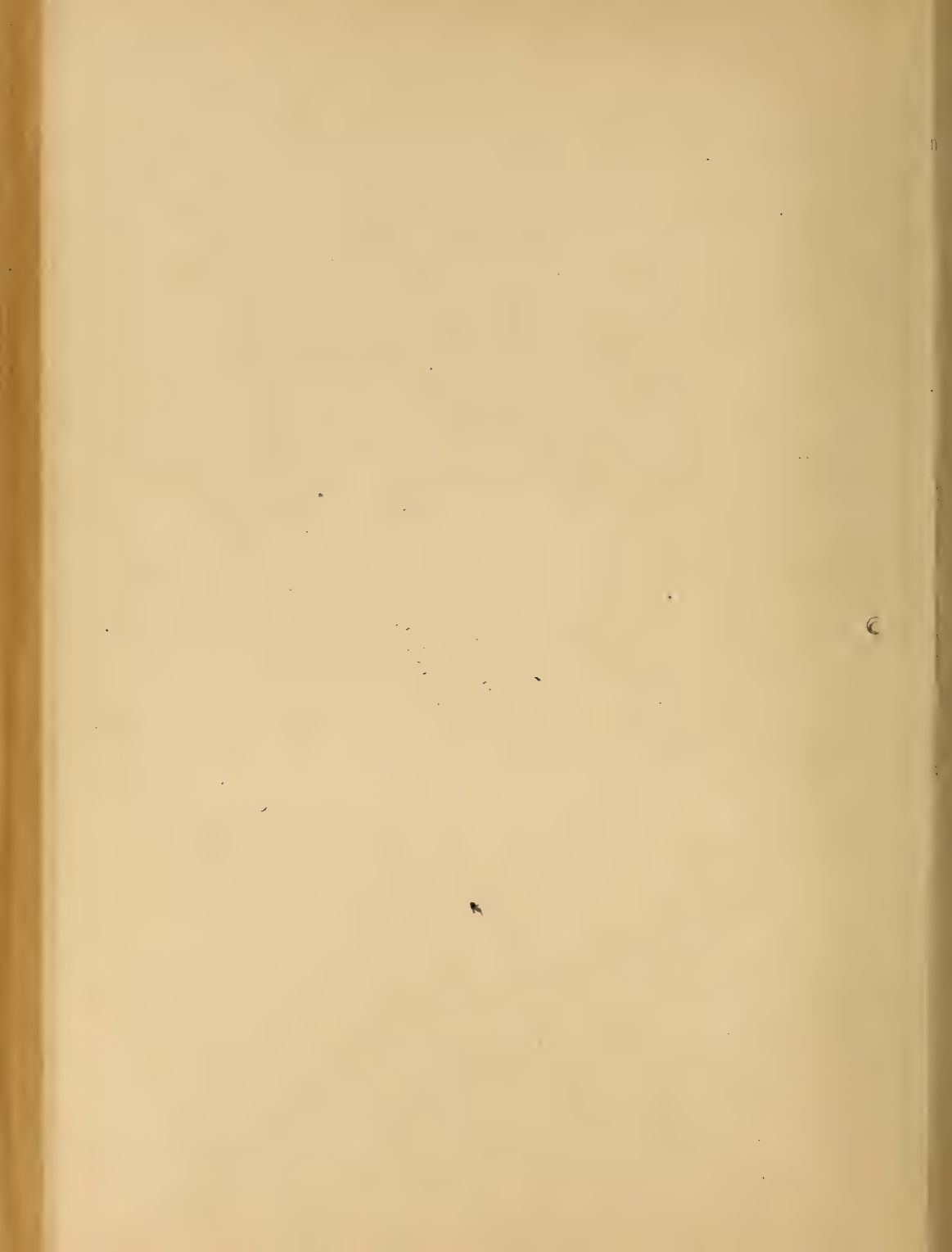
To
The

FRINGED
GENTIAN

WILLIAM CULLEN
BRYANT.

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

W. C. Bryant.



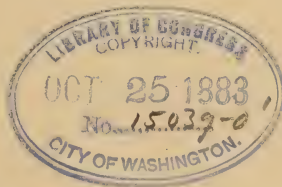
TO THE

FRINGED GENTIAN

BY
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT ✓
"

Illustrated

BY
33 LAMBERT HOLLIS



BOSTON
S. E. CASSINO AND COMPANY
1883

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To the Fringed Gentian.

*THOU blossom bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night;*

*Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.*

*Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.*

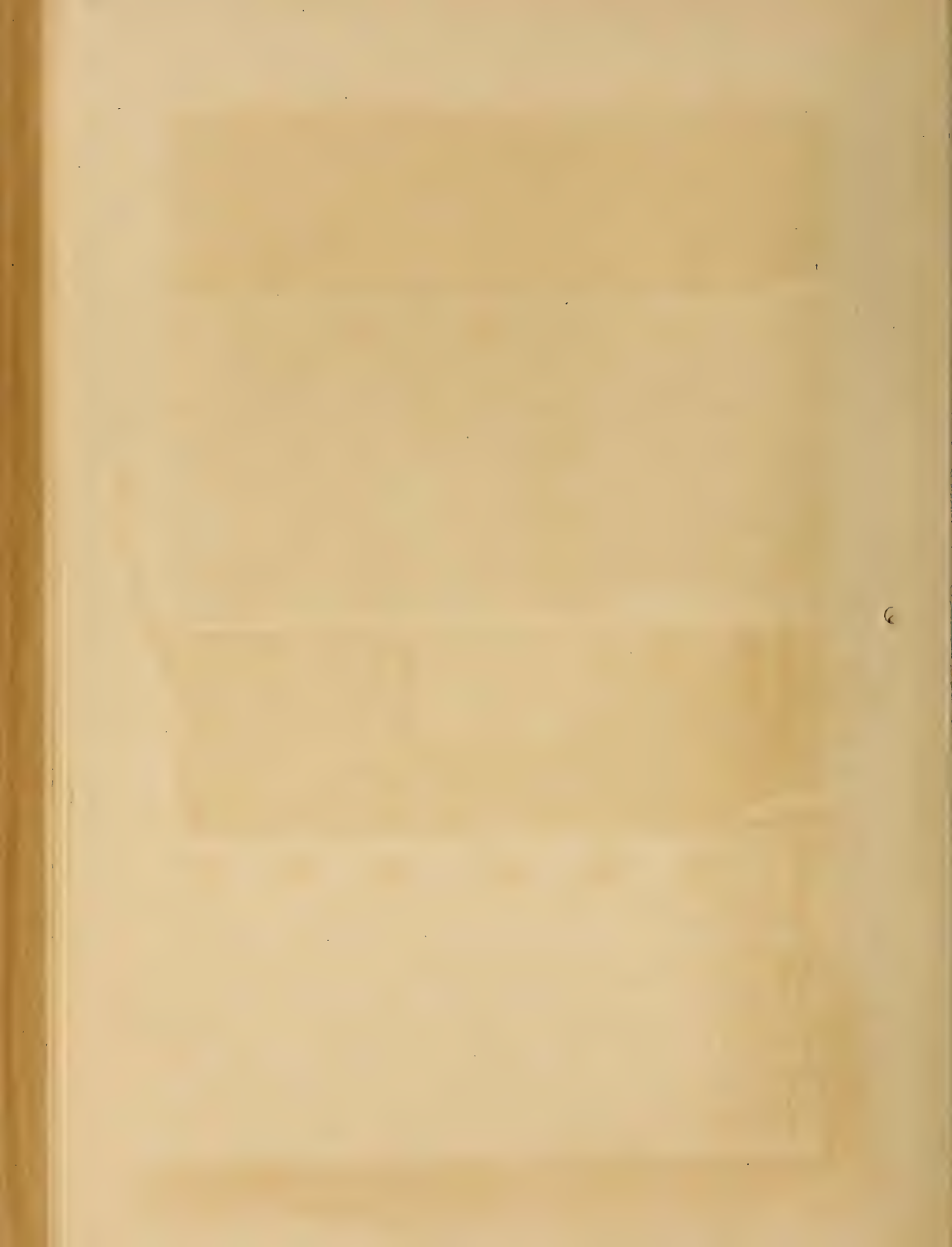
*Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.*


*I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.*



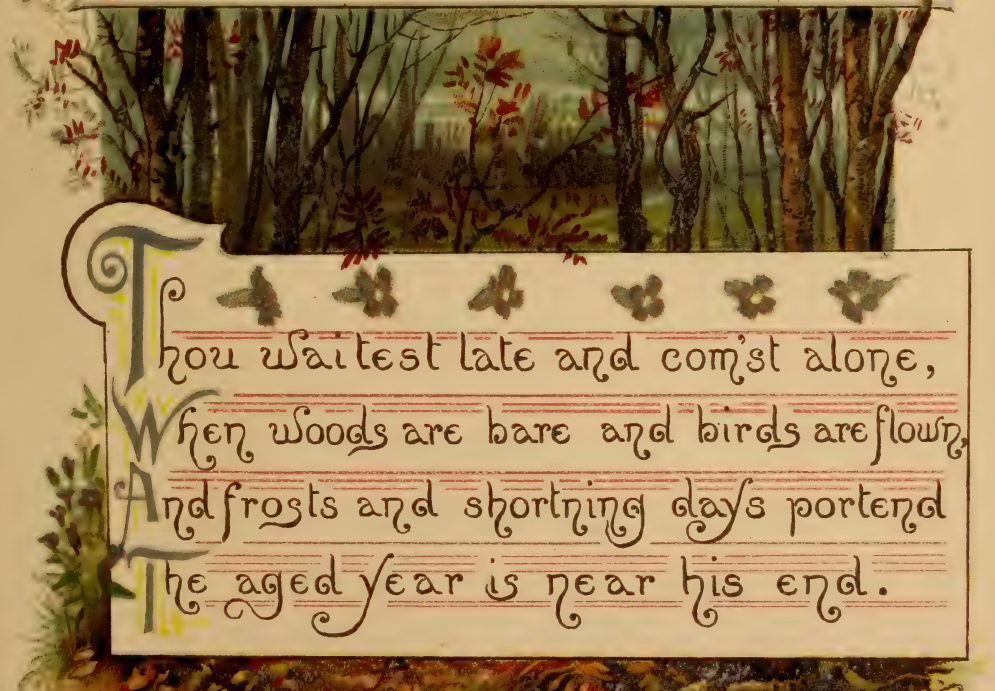


Thou blossom bright with ..
 • • • autumn dew,
And colored with the •
 • • • heaven's own blue,
That openest when the •
 • • • quiet light
Succeeds the Keen, and •
 • • • frosty night: ...





Thou comest not when violets lean
 Over wandering brooks and springs
 Or columbine, in purple dress'd, ^{unseen,}
 Nor over the ground birds hidden nest



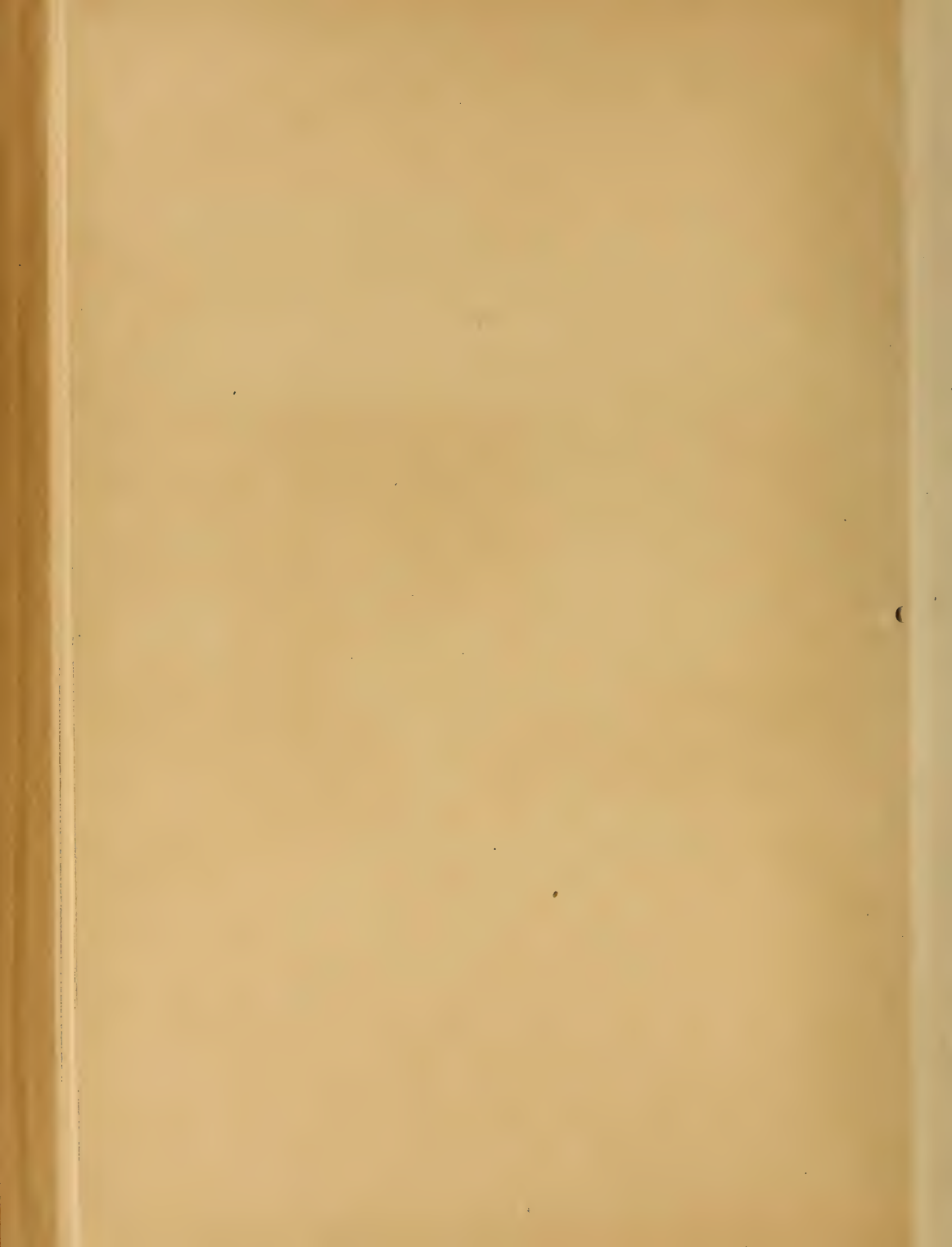
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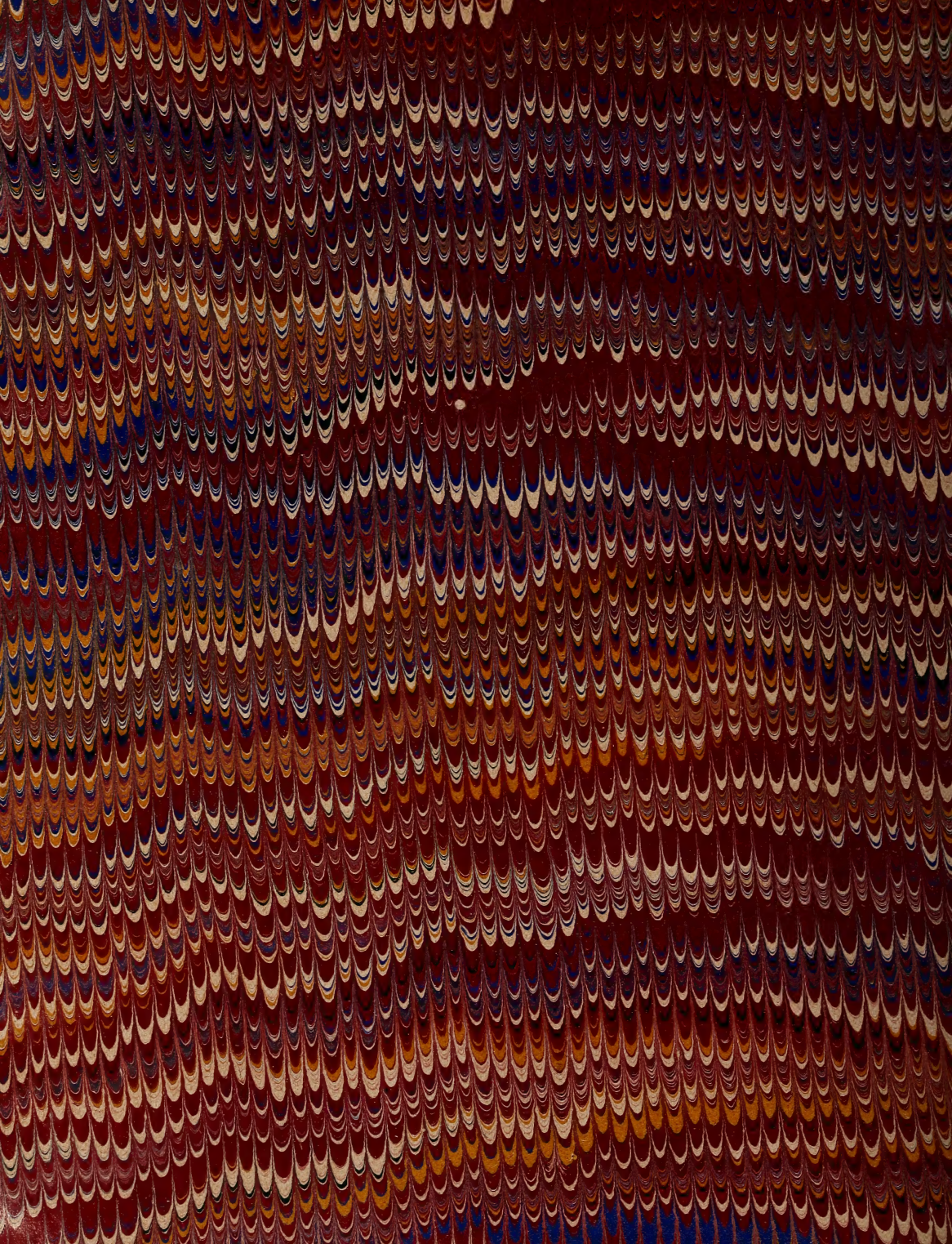


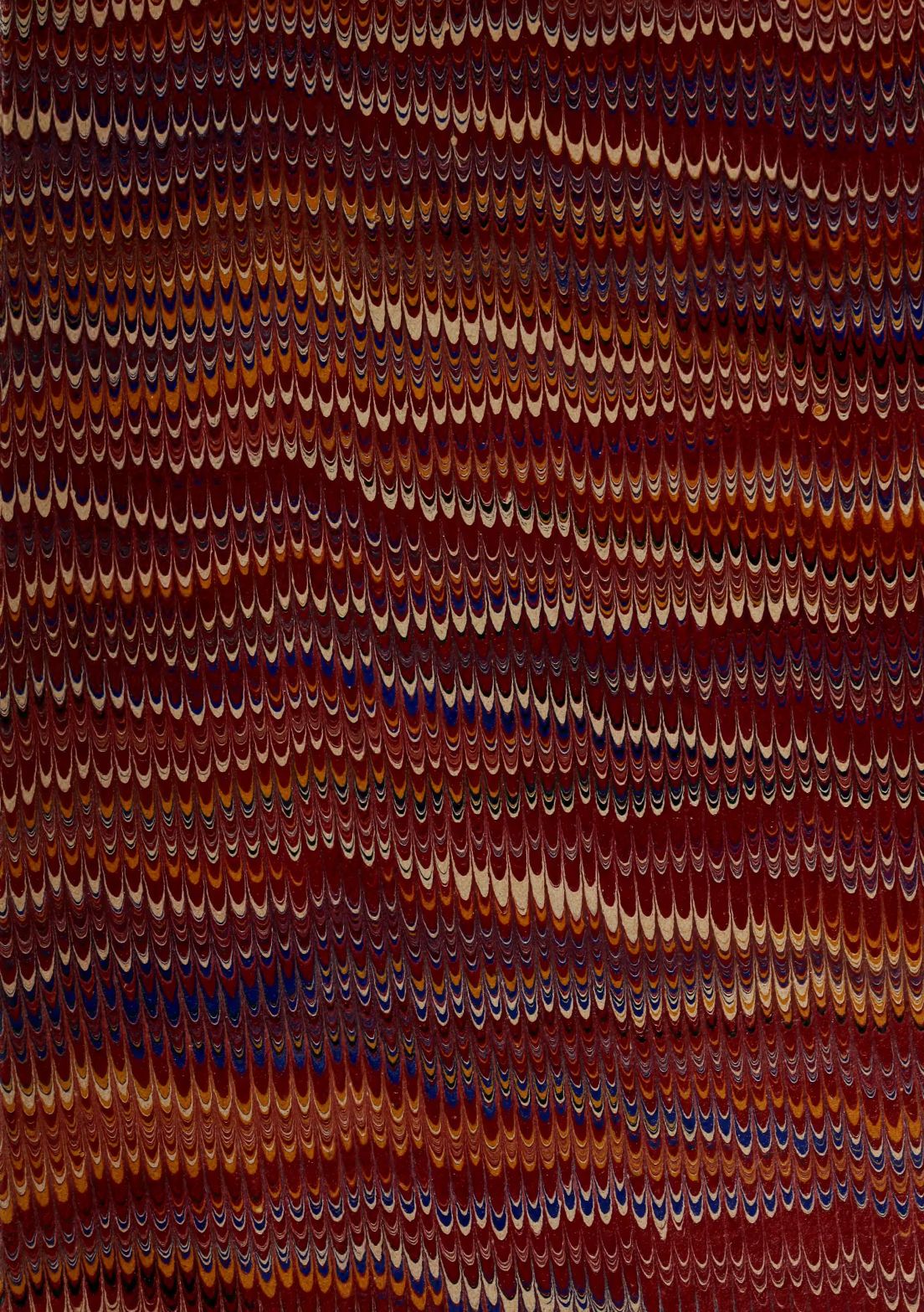
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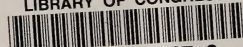


THE FRINGED
GENTIAN





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